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11-7-2015

# Senior Recital: Kristi Spicer, soprano

Kristi Spicer

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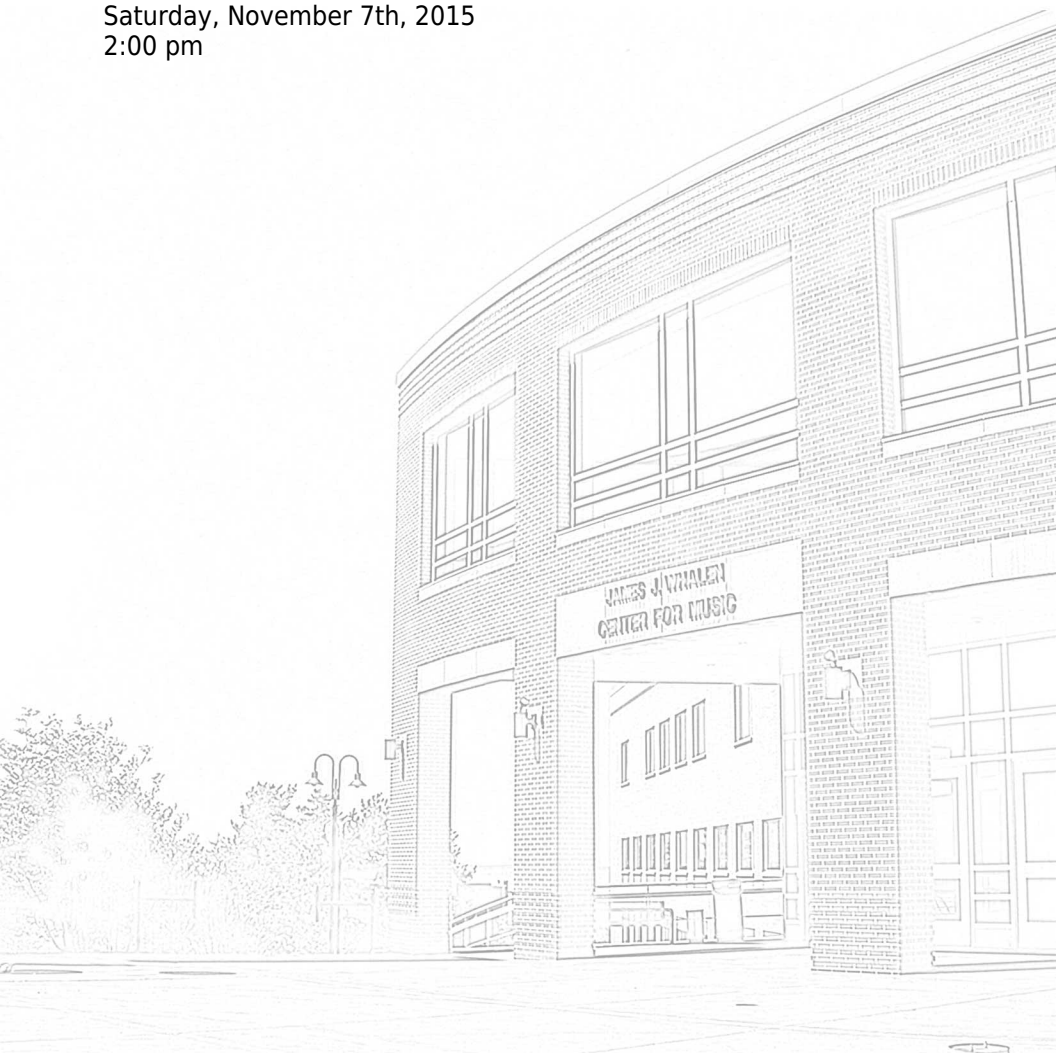
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**Senior Recital:**  
Kristi Spicer, soprano

Richard Montgomery, piano  
D'quan Tyson, baritone

Ford Hall  
Saturday, November 7th, 2015  
2:00 pm



**ITHACA COLLEGE**

School of Music

# Program

Ich hab in Penna einen Liebsten wohnen  
Das Verlassene Mägdlein  
Er ist's

Hugo Wolf  
(1860-1903)

Will There Really Be a Morning?  
Joy  
A Horse With Wings

Ricky Ian Gordon  
(b. 1956)

Freschi luoghi, prati aulenti  
Vaghiissima sembianza  
Amor mi fa cantare  
La fioraia fiorentina

Stefano Donaudy  
(1879-1925)

Gioachino Rossini  
(1792-1868)

# Intermission

"Naughty Marietta"  
from *Naughty Marietta*

Victor Herbert  
(1859-1924)

Métamorphoses  
Reine des mouettes  
C'est ainsi que tu es  
Paganini

Francis Poulenc  
(1899-1963)

I Want to Sing in Opera  
"How Could I Ever Know?"  
from *The Secret Garden*

Worton David & George Arthurs  
Lucy Simon  
(b. 1943)

*D'quan Tyson, baritone*

"The Beauty Is"  
from *The Light in the Piazza*

Adam Guettel  
(b. 1964)

## Translations

### Er Ist's

Frühling lässt sein blaues Band  
Wieder flattern durch die Lüfte;  
Süsse, wohlbekannte Düfte  
Streifen ahnungsvoll das Land.  
Veilchen träumen schon,  
Wollen balde kommen.  
Horch, von fern ein leiser  
Harfenton!  
Frühling, ja du bist's!  
Dich hab ich vernommen!  
Ja! Du bist's!

Spring lets her blue ribbon  
Flutter in the breeze again;  
Sweet, familiar scents  
Drift with promise o'er the land.  
Violets lie dreaming still,  
Soon to be awakened.  
Listen, the sound of a harp from  
afar!  
Spring, yes it is you!  
It is you I heard!  
Yes! it is you!

### Das Verlassene Mägdlein

Frueh, wann die Haehne kraehn,  
Eh die Sternlein verschwinden,  
Muss ich am Herde stehen,  
Muss Feuer zuenden.

Early when the cock crows  
before the stars disappear,  
I must stand at the hearth,  
Must tend the fire.

Schoen ist der Flammen Schein,  
Es springen die Funken;  
Ich schaue so drein,  
In Leid versunken.

What beauty in the fire's light,  
When the sparks are leaping,  
I gaze in so deeply,  
Lost now in my grieving.

Ploetzlich, da kommt es mir,  
Treuloser Knabe,  
Dass ich die Nacht von dir  
Getraeumet habe.

Suddenly I remember,  
Unfaithful boy,  
that last night  
I dreamed of you.

Traene auf Traene dann  
Stuerzet hernieder;  
So kommt der Tag heran  
O ging er wieder!

Tear upon tear then  
plunges down;  
and so the day breaks  
Oh, if it were only over again!

### Ich hab in Penna einen Liebsten wohnen

Ich hab in Penna einen Liebsten  
wohnen,  
In der Maremmeneb'ne einen  
andern,

I have a lover living in Penna,  
Another one in the Maremma plain,

Einen im schönen Hafen von  
Ancona,  
Zum Vierten muß ich nach Viterbo  
wandern;  
Ein Andrer wohnt in Casentino dort,  
Der Nächste lebt mit mir am selben  
Ort,  
Und wieder einen hab' ich in  
Magione,  
Vier in La Fratta, zehn in  
Castiglione.

One in the lovely harbor of Ancona,  
  
And for the fourth I must go to  
Viterbo;  
Another one lives in Casentino,  
The next lives in the same place as  
I,  
And yet another one have I in  
Magione,  
Four in La Fratta, ten in Castiglione!

## **Freschi luoghi, prati aulenti**

Freschi luoghi, prati aulenti,  
rimanete sempre in fior;  
che l'estate non vi sementi,  
che l'autunno non vi travolga,  
che la morta stagion  
non tolga tanto magico splendor.

Voglio un dì vagar  
con lei fra sì verde soavità,  
quando alfin gli affanni miei  
lei d'intender mostrerà.

Cool places, fragrant meadows,  
Remain always in flower;  
Let not summer sow seed in you,  
Let not autumn carry you away,  
Let not the dead season  
take away so much magical  
splendor.

I want one day to ramble  
with her Amidst softness so green,  
When at last the anguish mine  
She will show herself to understand.

Freschi luoghi, prati aulenti,  
rimanete sempre in fior;  
che nessuna stagion  
vi tolga tanto magico splendor.  
E voi pur, ruscelli chiari,  
che di già correte al mar,

di vostr'acque non siate avari  
nelle tarde stagion dell'anno,  
non unite anche voi  
l'inganno d'un sì breve prosperar.

Vo' specchiarmi un dì  
con lei nelle vostre chiarezze,  
quando alfin gli affanni miei  
lei d'intender mostrerà.

Cool places, fragrant meadows,  
Remain always in flower.  
Let not any season take away  
So much magical splendor.  
And you then, clear streamlets,  
Which already are running to the  
sea,

Don't be miserly with your waters  
In the late season of the year,  
Don't you join also  
the deception of a prosperity so  
brief.

I want one day to be reflected  
with her in your clarity,  
When at last the anguish mine  
She will show herself to understand.

## **Vaghissima Sembianza**

Vaghissima sembianza  
d'antica donna amata,

Very charming image  
of a woman formerly loved,

chi, dunque, v'ha ritratta  
contanta simiglianza  
ch'io guardo, e parlo,  
e credo d'avervi a me  
davanti  
come ai bei dì d'amor?

La cara rimembranza  
che in cor mi s'è destata

si ardente v'ha già fatta  
rinascere la speranza,  
che un bacio, un voto,  
un grido d'amore  
più non chiedo  
che a lei che muta è ognor.

who, then, has portrayed you  
with so much similarity  
that I look, and I speak,  
and I believe to have you  
before me  
as in the beautiful days of love

The dear remembrance  
which has been awakened in my  
heart

so ardently has  
revived my hopes,  
so that a kiss, a vow,  
a cry of love?  
more I do not ask  
of her who is silent forever.

## **Amor mi fa cantare**

Amor mi fa cantare  
Per dir le laudi ascose  
Di due pupille chiare  
E di due labbra oziose.  
S'io penso a quello sguardo,  
Il sol mi sembra offeso;  
E tutto avvampo ed ardo  
Se a quelle labbra penso.  
Se poi, siccome suole,  
Mi guarda e parla un po',  
Son come cera al sole:  
Tutto mi liquefò.  
Ma invan le trotto dietro

Da quasi un anno intero;  
In van, cambiando metro,  
Mi mostro audace o altero,

Se le rivolgo un motto,  
Dal rider non si regge...

Le scrivo uno strambotto?  
Lo legge e non lo legge.  
Se poi, siccome suole,  
Mi guarda e parla un po',  
Son come cera al sole:  
Tutto mi liquefò.

Love makes me sing  
To speak the hidden praises  
Of two bright eyes  
And of two idle lips.  
If I think of that look,  
The sun seems to me offended  
And I blaze and burn completely  
If I think of those lips.  
If then, as usual,  
She looks at me and talks a little,  
I am like wax in the sun:  
I melt entirely.

But in vain I have trotted behind  
her

For almost an entire year;  
In vain, changing meter,  
I show myself audacious or  
Haughty.

If I direct a word to her,  
She cannot keep herself from  
Laughing...

Do I write her a song?  
She reads it and doesn't read it.  
If then, as usual,  
She looks at me and talks a little,  
I am like wax in the sun:  
I melt entirely.

## La Fioraia Fiorentina

I più bei fior comprate,  
fanciulli, amanti e spose:

son fresche le mie rose,  
non spiran che l'amor. No!  
Ahime! Soccorso implora  
mia madre, poveretta  
e da me sola aspetta  
del pan e non dell'or.

Buy the most beautiful flowers  
amorous young men and  
spouses:

my roses are fresh  
and will not die like love. No!  
Alas! begs for help  
my mother, the poor woman,  
and from me she expects only  
bread but not for gold.

## Reine des mouettes

Reine des mouettes,  
mon orpheline,  
Je t'ai vue rose, je m'en souviens,  
Sous les brumes mousselines  
De ton deuil ancien.

Rose d'aimer le baiser qui chagrine  
Tu te laissais accorder à mes mains

Sous les brumes mousselines  
Voiles de nos liens.

Rougis, rougis,  
mon baiser te devine  
Mouette prise aux nœuds  
des grands chemins.

Reine des mouettes,  
mon orpheline,  
Tu étais rose accordée à mes mains

Rose sous les mousselines  
Et je m'en souviens.

Queen of the seagulls,  
my orphan girl,  
I saw you pink, I remember,  
beneath the muslin mists  
of you former mourning.

Pink of liking the kiss which vexes  
you would surrender yourself to my  
hands

beneath the muslin mists  
veils of our bonds.

Blush, blush,  
my kiss divines you  
seagull caught at the junction  
of the great pathways.

Queen of the seagulls,  
my orphan girl,  
you were pink surrendered to my  
hands

pink beneath the muslin  
and I remember it.

## C'est ainsi que tu es

Ta chair, d'âme mêlée,  
Chevelure emmêlée,  
Ton pied courant le temps,  
Ton ombre qui s'étend  
Et murmure à ma tempe,  
Voilà, c'est ton portrait,  
C'est ainsi que tu es,  
Et je veux te l'écrire  
Pour que la nuit venue,

Your flesh, mingled with soul,  
entangled hair,  
your foot running through time,  
your shadow which spreads  
and murmurs at my temples,  
there, that is your portrait,  
that is how you are,  
and I want to write it for you  
so that night having come,

Tu puisses croire et dire,  
Que je t'ai bien connue.

you can believe and say,  
that I have known you well.

## Paganini

Violon hippocampe et sirène  
Berceau des cœurs  
cœur et berceau  
Larmes de Marie Madeleine  
Soupir d'une Reine  
Echo

Violin sea-horse and siren  
cradle of hearts  
heart and cradle  
tears of Mary Magdalen  
sigh of a queen  
echo

Violon orgueil de mains légères  
Départ à cheval  
sur les eaux  
Amour chevauchant le mystère  
Voleur en prière  
Oiseau

violin pride of agile hands  
departure on horseback  
over the waters  
love straddling mystery  
thief at prayer  
bird

Violon femme morganatique  
Chat botté  
courant la forêt  
Puit des vérités lunatiques  
Confession publique  
Corset

violin morganatic woman  
puss-in-boots  
running through the forest  
well of the mad truths  
public confession  
corset

Violon alcool de l'âme en peine  
Préférence muscle de soir  
Épaules des saisons soudaines  
Feuille de chêne  
Miroir

violin spirit of the soul in sorrow  
preference muscle of the evening  
shoulder of sudden seasons  
oak leaf  
mirror

Violon chevalier du silence  
Jouet  
évadé du bonheur  
Poitrine des milles présences  
Bateau de plaisance  
Chasseur.

violin knight of silence  
play-thing  
escaped from happiness  
breast of the thousand presences  
pleasure boat  
hunter.